AMERICA'S MAGAZINE: HARDCORE SINCE '74

# HUSTLER®

JUNE 2025

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

## HUSTLER® 50: 50 YEARS OF FREEDOM

SPECIAL BOOK EXCERPT

THE LEGACY
THE LAUGHTER
THE LEGENDS

50 QUESTIONS WITH KIMMY GRANGER

+

BARBIE ROUS
MEGAN MISTAKES
VIOLET STARR &
BRITT BLAIR

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"I don't know about you, Sammy, but whenever I see two heterosexuals carrying on like that in public, I wanna throw up!"

JUNE 2025
Volume 52 Number 1
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

# HUSTLER®

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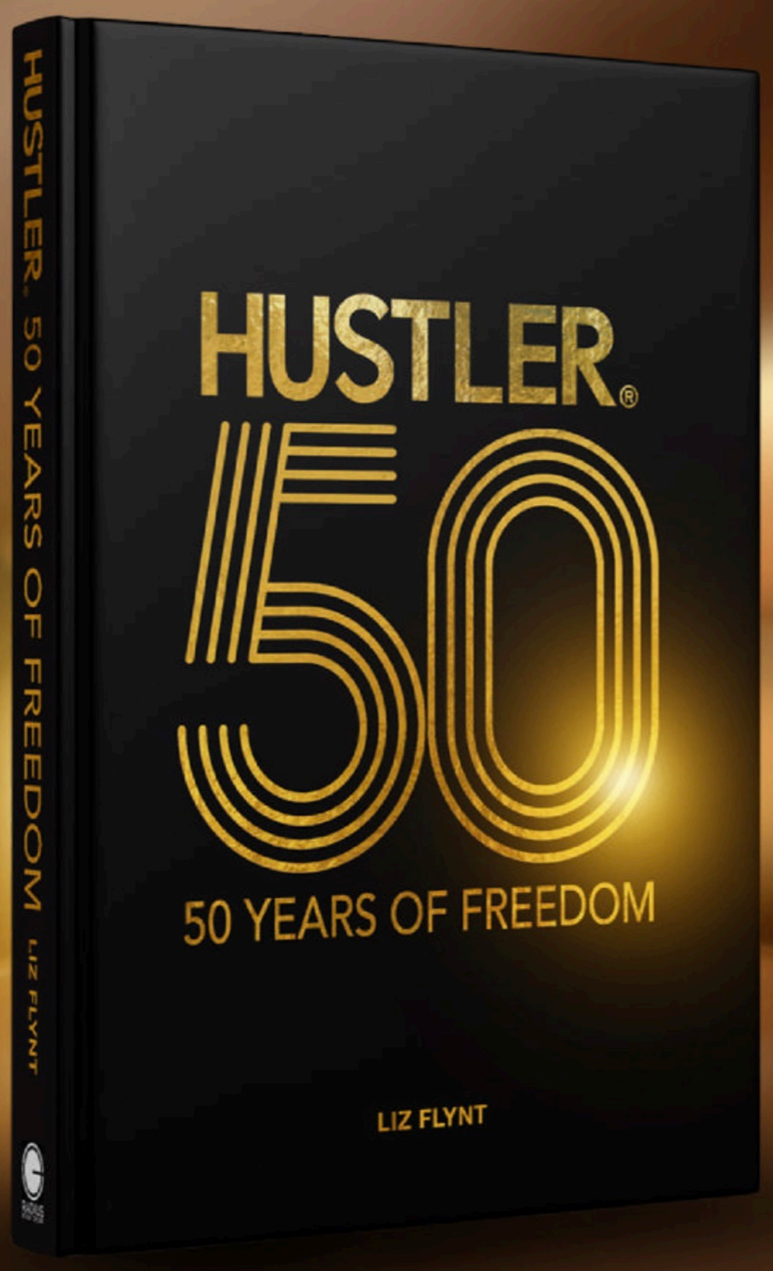


# 50 YEARS OF HUSTLER®:

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# FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS...OR LOSE THEM

Freedom of speech is not free. It comes with a price. And Americans damn well better start paying that price: Stand up to despots like Donald Trump and fight for your rights, or you *will* lose them.

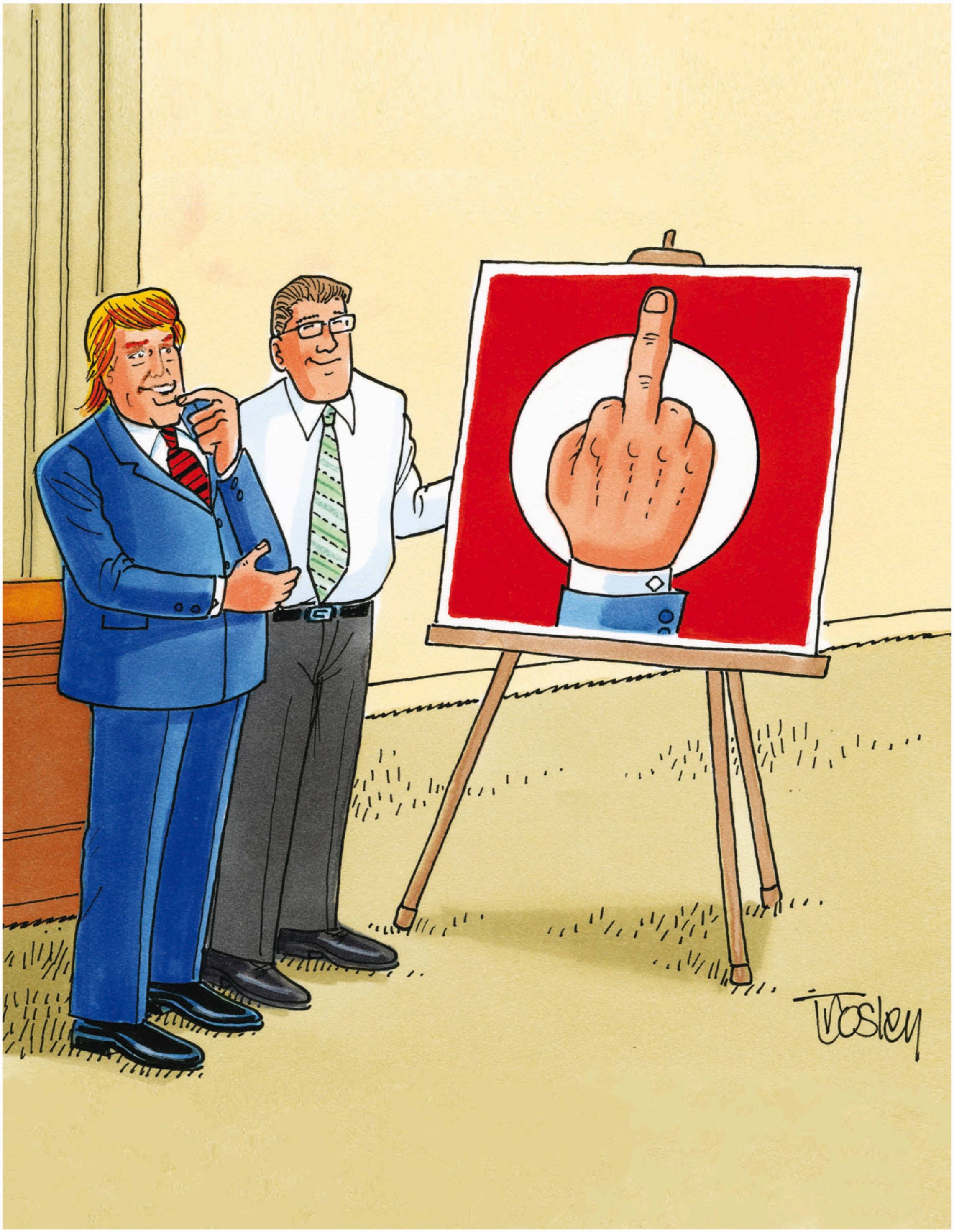
Free speech is under serious attack. Students are scared to protest. History teachers are afraid to teach history. Dare to speak out against the führer, and risk losing your job or being deported. Censorship is now the norm, with government websites scrubbed of hundreds of words—words like *female*, *community*, *race* and *activism*. Even NPR and PBS are labeled "anti-American airwaves" by idiots like Marjorie Taylor Greene, who can barely string a sentence together on her best day.

One of President Trump's first executive orders was purportedly aimed at "restoring freedom of speech and ending federal censorship." But the only speech he is interested in defending is speech that paints himself, his billionaire cronies and his administration as heroes saving America, when in actuality they are destroying democracy.

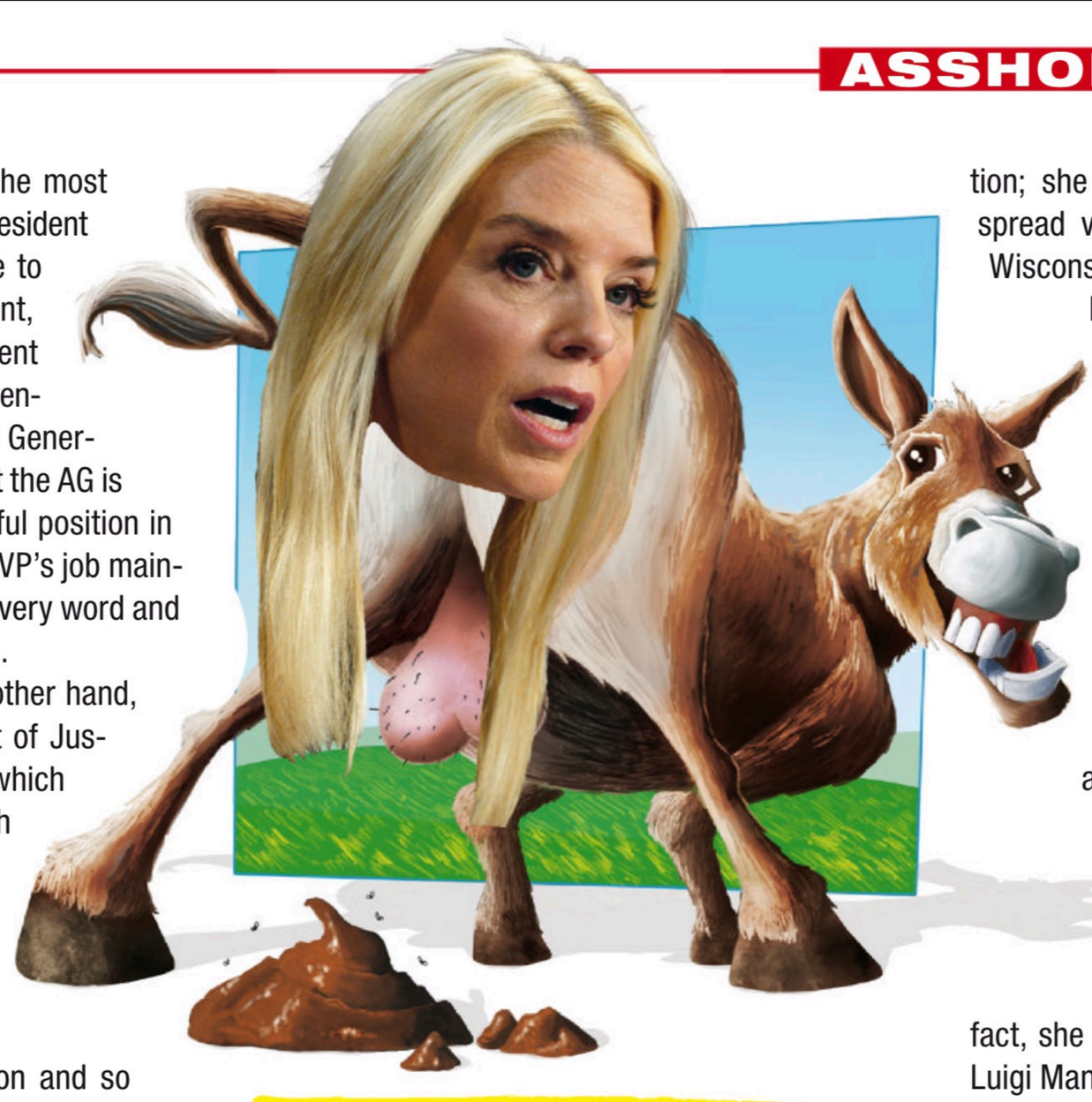
Larry Flynt insisted that "Freedom of speech is not for the idea you love but for the idea you hate most." He said, "The First Amendment is the cornerstone of our democracy. It gets its vitality and meaning from the *unrestricted* right of free choice."

Our free choice—our free speech—is being crushed as I write. My husband spent his life fighting for First Amendment rights. In just these past few months, we have seen how easily they can be stripped from us. University presidents and newspaper editorial boards are self-censoring, but their silence is a ringing endorsement for President Trump's authoritarian policies. Fight, dammit! Protest! Be loud! Shout till your voice is heard, or you will lose the right to speak freely.

Liz Flynt
Publisher




"I like it...I've always wanted a personal logo!"



**PAM BONDI**

In our system of government, the most powerful officials—after the President—are supposedly those in line to succeed POTUS: the Vice President, then Speaker of the House, President Pro Tempore of the Senate…and eventually you get to the U.S. Attorney General, coming in at seventh place. But the AG is arguably the second most powerful position in government, considering that the VP's job mainly involves aping the President's every word and behaving like a devoted lickspittle.

The attorney general, on the other hand, rules over the whole Department of Justice and has wide discretion over which laws to enforce or ignore, which crimes to investigate and which to treat with kid gloves. Everything from environmental laws to campaign finance and consumer protection laws, civil rights, antitrust legislation, utilities regulation and so much more falls under the purview of the attorney general. In recent years, with political polarization at an all-time high, the AG has also acted, unofficially, as the President's attorney, cover-up artist and attack dog.

Pam Bondi apprenticed for her current job as Trump's pit bull with an eight-year, scandal-filled reign as Florida's state AG from 2011 to 2019, coinciding with the Orange Führer's rise to power. On September 14, 2013, an *Orlando Sentinel* story broke noting that Eric Schneiderman, who filed a $40-million fraud case against Trump University, had cited at least 22 complaints filed with the Florida attorney general's office in 2008, two years before Bondi's election. As a result, a spokesperson for Bondi's office announced that her office was reviewing the lawsuit. Then, only three days later, And Justice for All, a PAC established to support Bondi's reelection as Florida AG, received a $25,000 donation from the Donald J. Trump Foundation. And suddenly she reversed course, declining to join the New York suit. Critics have called this a "pay to play scheme"; Bondi took the payment and ditched the lawsuit, leaving her exploited constituents out in the cold.

This became par for the course for her whole tenure in Florida. In 2014, conservative law firm Dickstein Shapiro cosponsored a $3,000-per-head fundraiser for Bondi held at Trump's Mar-a-Lago resort…after Bondi had dropped several cases against Dickstein Shapiro's clients, among others. Corporate miscreants Accretive Health, Priceline, Travelocity, Bridgepoint Education and Lender Processing Services were all excused from accountability for alleged frauds and abuses thanks to Bondi—innocent consumers, students and patients be damned. Bondi the Bribe's Maid should be her nickname. Fork over the cash, and she'll play ball for any well-heeled team of shysters. In fact, in 2013 she begged the Florida governor to postpone the execution of Marshall Lee Gore for three weeks—apparently because that time frame conflicted with a "hometown campaign kickoff" fundraiser for Bondi's re-election! Though hundreds of inmates on death row had been exonerated by DNA evidence at that point, Bondi was only to happy to grease the wheels of capital punishment—unless, of course, it interfered with her campaign haul.

All this was bad enough, but it gets worse. She defended an amendment to the Florida constitution banning same-sex marriage, arguing that recognizing these unions would "impose significant public harm" to the people of the Sunshine State. She led the charge to overturn the Affordable Care Act (ACA) in *Florida et al* v. *U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services*, and 26 other states followed her spearhead. After that flopped, she tried to kill the ACA's ban on insurance companies charging people with preexisting conditions higher premiums or denying coverage altogether. That also failed. When Trump nominated her for federal AG, he touted her record as a warrior against the fentanyl epidemic, but the facts show that adjusted rates of "deaths from drug poisoning" almost doubled during her term in Florida, from 13.7 per 100,000 residents in 2011 to 25.1 in 2019. Only in MAGA world is this dismal record an accomplishment.

After the Florida AG gig ended, Bondi joined a Trumpite law firm, Ballard Partners, to work as a lobbyist for the Embassy of the State of Qatar, a country with a long history of civil rights abuses and enslaving imported foreign workers. But the Qataris got a lot of oil moolah, and that's all it takes to get Pam's legal muscles humming. This gig didn't last long though, as a more urgent matter cropped up: Trump's first impeachment proceeding. Bondi rushed to join his defense team, desperately trying to shift the focus to former VP Joe Biden and son Hunter, alleging that they were involved in Ukraine corruption despite no evidence to substantiate the claim. Neither did a complete lack of evidence stop her from embellishing Trump's lies about the 2020 election; she slavishly echoed his bullshit that widespread voter fraud in Georgia, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin had robbed him of victory. Appearing on Fox News, she was challenged to present proof of these claims by Steve Doocy and had to show an empty hand. But this is the kind of dumb loyalty that Trump loves, so he rewarded Pam with the attorney general post.

On her first day in office, Bondi shut down the FBI's Foreign Influence Task Force, reduced enforcement of the Foreign Agents Registration Act, retaliated against Special Counsel Jack Smith with a special investigation (he had been investigating Trump for the Georgia election interference and classified documents cases), gutted all DEI initiatives in the DOJ and ended the moratorium on the federal death penalty. In fact, she is currently seeking the death penalty for Luigi Mangione, the man accused of killing the UnitedHealthcare CEO in December—a purely political decision, since he was arrested in New York, a state without the death penalty. Later on, she promised total transparency for the Jeffrey Epstein files, but all we got was "a lot of redacted nothing," according to right-wing commentators.

As Trump 2.0 and his deputy Elon Musk have rampaged through the federal government like rabid bulls on steroids, Bondi has trailed dutifully behind them, cleaning up the shit and delivering the coup de grâce to gored victims. After outraged citizens began vandalizing and torching Tesla cars and charging stations in protest, Bondi suggested it was all a vast conspiracy organized and funded by some anonymous liberal villains that she couldn't identify. Again, she presented zero evidence and instead targeted Texas Democrat Jasmine Crockett for encouraging justifiable *nonviolent* protests against the DOGE demolition of the federal government. Crockett had to remind Bondi that her squeamishness about violent protests rang rather hollow considering that her boss had just pardoned MAGA "soldiers" for violently assaulting police officers and invading the capitol on January 6th.

When federal judge James Boasberg ordered deportation flights without due process to El Salvador's brutal prisons canceled, Trump ignored the order like a Mussolini wannabe. Bondi defended him with the novel legal theory that Boasberg's verbal order preceding his written order was not "enforceable as an injunction." The judges are "meddling in our government" she cried. Yes, you silly twit, that's what judges in a functioning democracy are supposed to do when government officials violate the laws! And you, as chief of the Department of Justice, are supposed to defend the prerogatives of federal judges, not suck up to the ignoramus in the executive branch. But that's how Bondi construes her job: as consigliere to a mafia chieftain. As long as Trump is in office, this raging sycophantic blond Asshole will do everything within her power to make sure that justice is never served. H

PHOTO BY ABACA PRESS/ALAMY

# MEGAN MISTAKES

## GO-GETTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ELLEN STAGG

Growing up, I was very adventurous—I was constantly on the go and loved encountering new experiences and people. I don't think I've changed much—I'm still a go-getter—but I have learned to slow down a little bit and enjoy time to myself. My goal is to find that perfect balance of socializing and self-care.

"When I have time to myself, I research a variety of topics—anything that sparks my curiosity. I'll spend hours going on a deep dive into a topic that interests me. I also masturbate at least once a day, using my vibrator along with my fingers. That combination of sensations really does it for me.

"Of course, I would have sex every day if I could, but it's usually three to five times a week. And I love, love, *love* outdoor sex, especially in places where it's unlikely people will see you. The craziest place I've ever fucked is on Anacapa Island in Southern California. It was amazing going at it surrounded by all that natural beauty."

## MEGAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **29**

HEIGHT: **5-1** | MEASUREMENTS: **30D-26-36**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary/riding**

X: **@meganmistakes**

INSTAGRAM: **@notmeganmistakes**

Riding High

# 50 HUSTLER®

## 50 YEARS OF FREEDOM

**HUSTLER®50 is a visually stunning coffee table book that takes readers through the magazine's rich history, showcasing its most talked-about moments, groundbreaking photography and unwavering commitment to free speech. Enjoy this special excerpt. Then order the elegant hard-cover collector's edition—200-plus gorgeous pages!—available now at HUSTLERHollywood.com or through your favorite bookseller.**

BY LIZ FLYNT

Portrait of a young hustler: Larry in front of the Dayton HUSTLER Club.

# HUSTLER® 50

## INTRODUCTION

**Larry Flynt**, the founder and publisher of HUSTLER®, called it "the best magazine you could read with one hand." He made no bones about his brainchild: it is in-your-face, unapologetic pornography featuring page after page of juicy pink close-ups normally seen only by a loving partner or a gynecologist.

So how does a dirty magazine come to inspire a glossy book meant to be placed in plain view on your coffee table instead of hidden away in your garage where the wife can't find it? How does a magazine like this last *50 years* while its competitors peter out one by one?

The answer is that HUSTLER is and always has been so much more than a skin mag. It's a humor magazine. It's a political magazine. Most importantly, it's the magazine that rose to the challenge when government censors targeted it for daring to put out material they deemed obscene. Publishers, pundits, and parodists today enjoy the right to be offensive because one man, Larry Flynt, went to court countless times to fight for that right, landing himself in jail and even getting gunned down for printing what he pleased. But he didn't start out as a champion of the First Amendment.

**"Anyone can be a playboy and have a penthouse, but it takes a man to be a HUSTLER."**

***—Larry Flynt***

Larry Claxton Flynt was born at home on November 1, 1942, in a tiny Kentucky hollow called Lakeville (original name: Lickskillet), a place Larry later likened to a "medieval settlement." Many of his neighbors were illiterate and had never traveled more than a few miles from the "holler."

Larry was ambitious from the start, spending one summer going door-to-door selling berries he had picked in the wild. Years later, when one of his old teachers was interviewed for a local paper, she recalled asking him, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" "A millionaire," he replied.

Young Larry itched to get out of Lakeville. He ran away his freshman year of high school, only to return home traumatized after being picked up by a pedophile while hitchhiking. The second time he ran away, he went a safer route: using a phony birth certificate, he enlisted in the Army at age 15. Larry enjoyed the military life. Unfortunately, when the Army was pressured by Congress to prune the ranks, Larry, one of the newer recruits, was discharged due to a low test score.

HUSTLER erupts on America.

Crushed, he returned to the real world. Larry was still only 16, but he couldn't imagine going back to school. Instead, he made money any way he could, including by running liquor in his old hometown, where his father was one of his worst deadbeat customers.

Larry missed the reassuring routine of the military. Grabbing his phony birth certificate, he signed up again, this time in the Navy. He was determined not to let his lack of education get in the way of his ambitions this time. He studied hard, becoming a radar technician before he was 20 years old, and landed the most prestigious assignment in the Navy: the *USS Enterprise*, a brand-new, nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. One day, while he was assigned to

duty on the bridge, in swept the President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, who was visiting the ship. Larry, wanting to shake his hand but not sure how to get his attention, deliberately stepped on his toe. It worked, and the President stopped to chat with the young petty officer. Larry couldn't have predicted that Kennedy's widow would one day indirectly help make HUSTLER's fortune.

Larry in a familiar pose, Beverly Hills, 2006.

Out of the Navy at age 22, Larry decided to channel his energy into making money. He also wanted to get laid as much as possible. To achieve both of those goals, he went into the bar business. He bought a struggling Dayton, Ohio, bar called the Keewee. Already an expert at marketing, Larry took a gander at the surrounding neighborhood, saw that it was bursting with hicks, and turned the Keewee into a "knock-down-drag-out country joint" he christened Hillbilly Haven. It was a big hit, and Larry followed it up with three more successful bars. With his next venture, he would make not just money, but history.

Larry was fascinated by a new phenomenon that had sprung up on the West Coast and in the Southwest: "go-go" clubs, which featured good-looking girls gyrating in tiny bikinis. Larry decided to open the first one in the East. He would call it the HUSTLER Club.

By 1973, Larry had a string of eight HUSTLER Clubs across Ohio. To promote them, he started a HUSTLER Club membership program, complete with a four-page monthly newsletter featuring articles on some of the go-go dancers. It was so popular, he kept expanding it. By August 1973, it was a 32-page magazine.

Inspired, Larry decided to make his little club magazine even bigger. He wanted to sell HUSTLER Club franchises, and a national publication would be a great way to advertise. The fact that he knew next to nothing about publishing didn't stop him.

Larry had never read *Playboy* or *Penthouse*. Being the owner of several clubs with his pick of go-go dancers, he had no need for fantasy solo-love fodder. But he studied the magazines and noticed that something was missing from their photos. He filed this information away.

The first issue of HUSTLER magazine, July 1974, did not make money. Neither did the next several issues. But Larry had an idea, one that would set HUSTLER apart from *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. In those magazines, the models were beautiful and had nice figures, but they kept their legs closed. Larry thought the men he knew, the working-class stiffs who patronized his clubs, were turned on the most by female genitalia—and he was, too.

With the December 1974 issue, Larry unveiled his big gambit: HUSTLER's first "pink shot," courtesy of a red-haired centerfold named Patti. Thinking pink paid off. The newly explicit issues that followed sold like hotcakes, despite the reluctance of some distributors and wholesalers to carry the magazine.

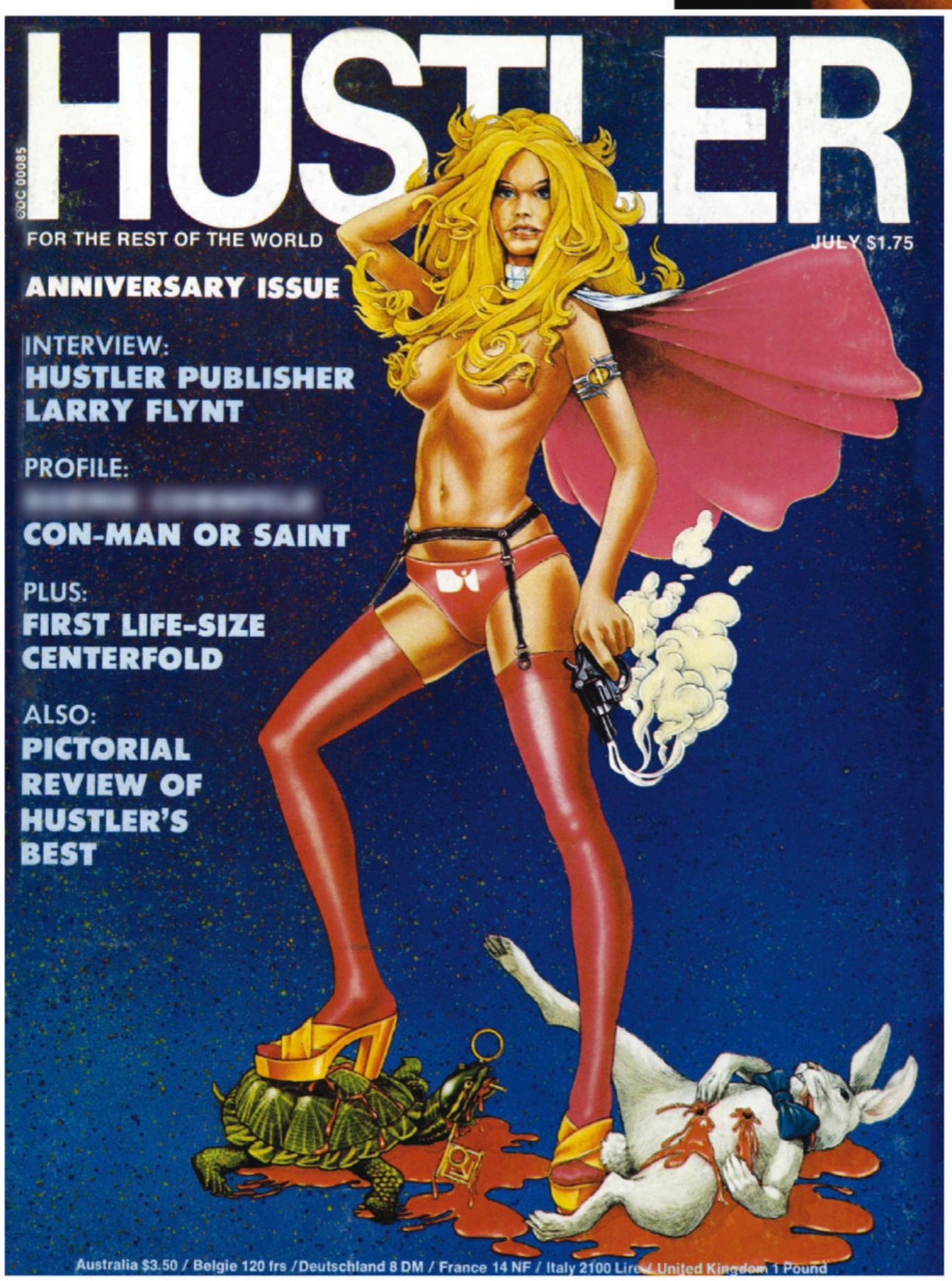
But the photos that thrust HUSTLER into the limelight were not of a young model spreading her legs. In the spring of 1975, an Italian paparazzo approached Larry with some photos that had been turned down by a nervous *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. They were pictures, taken from some distance with a telephoto lens, of the former First Lady, 41-year-old Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, strolling around fully naked on her private estate. Larry bought them without hesitation and published them in the August 1975 issue. A million copies sold in a few days, and Larry's $18,000 investment made him a millionaire.

HUSTLER would have been a success even without Jackie O, because Larry had hit upon the perfect formula: giving the public what it wanted. He invited readers to send in their suggestions and criticisms and express their desires, and he read every letter he received. The readers wanted the graphic photos. They wanted the honest sex articles. They wanted the barnyard humor of the cartoons and the vulgar satire that took the piss out of people in power. The proof was in the numbers.

When Larry lost advertisers because of HUSTLER's explicit content, he was forced to raise the cover price—and paid circulation more than doubled.

But not everyone appreciated HUSTLER's editorial philosophy of "Okay, who haven't we offended this month?" Fame and fortune invited the attention of aggressive prosecutors eager to throw Larry in the slammer for the dubiously defined crime of obscenity. Larry at first wondered why HUSTLER was being singled out—it certainly wasn't the only stroke mag on the block—but eventually he realized it was not the pink that angered the morality squad, but the politics. Sure enough, Larry's first obscenity case stemmed from a vulgar

The Jackie O shots seen 'round the world.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HUSTLER Honeys kill bunnies dead.

cartoon of three U.S. political leaders gang-raping the Statue of Liberty.

What followed was a flurry of trials over several years. Larry fought them all, spending an estimated $60 million on these legal battles. But the money didn't matter to him—it was the principle. "The greatest right that any nation can afford its people is the right to be left alone," he said in 1983. "You have to respect someone else's view, whether it be the minority view or otherwise. But censors don't want to accept the fact that you have a right to read whatever magazine you want to or see whatever movie you want to. They feel *they* have the right to decide what you can read and see."

Larry had become a warrior for free speech, but the fight nearly ended one

day in Georgia. While on trial for yet another obscenity charge, he was gunned down in the street by a white supremacist upset over an interracial pictorial in HUSTLER. The assassination attempt left Larry paralyzed and confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his days.

The pain following his recovery drove Larry to drug use and erratic behavior. He still showed up for his never-ending trials, but his courtroom antics, such as arriving at one appearance wearing an American flag as a diaper, landed him in hot water and ultimately in a federal psychiatric prison for contempt.

Larry makes a splash.

Larry's biggest battle yet was brewing while he was behind bars. The November 1983 issue of HUSTLER featured an ad parody of televangelist Jerry Falwell. Although a disclaimer attached to the jokey ad said, "Not to be taken seriously," Falwell took it very seriously, filing a $45 million lawsuit against Larry and HUSTLER.

By the time the trial rolled around, Larry had been released from federal detention and was feeling like his old self again. During his testimony, when Falwell's attorney asked if he had intended to damage the reverend's reputation, Larry replied, "If I wanted to hurt Reverend Falwell, we would do a serious article… and make it an investigative exposé and talk about his jet or whether he has a Swiss bank account. If you really want to hurt someone, you print something that is *believable*."

The jury found for Larry on the charge of libel. On the charge of intentional infliction of emotional distress—in other words, hurt feelings—they found for Falwell and awarded him $200,000 in damages.

Larry could have paid the fine easily. It would have cost him less than pursuing the case on appeal. But the First Amendment was at stake.

Larry took *HUSTLER Magazine* v. *Falwell* all the way to the Supreme Court—a body he had directly addressed as "eight assholes and a token cunt" during a previous hearing. As he sat in the gallery and looked at Falwell and his family, he thought, *The pornographer versus the preacher. I'm dead*.

A year after the hearing and almost five years after the Falwell parody had appeared, the ruling arrived: it was unanimous, in favor of HUSTLER. Larry had won—and so had every comedian, political cartoonist, newspaper, and magazine in America.

Thanks to Larry's determination, parody is now protected speech, and *HUSTLER Magazine* v. *Falwell* is a landmark case taught in every law school in the country. His many trials and tribulations were immortalized in an award-winning film, Miloš Forman's *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. In the years after the Supreme Court's decision, the high school dropout was regularly invited to college campuses to talk about free speech. Not bad for a self-made hillbilly pornographer.

Larry passed away on February 10, 2021, at age 78. "If I can leave any kind of legacy at all," he once said, "it will be that I helped expand the parameters of free speech."

That you did, Mr. Flynt. H

# VIOLET STARR

## ROUGHING IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Real sex and porn sex are different, for sure, but that doesn't mean that they can't overlap. After I did my first XXX scene, my mind was blown—I had no idea that I could be so slutty and dirty while fucking, let alone that I would enjoy it so much! Ever since then, I've tried to bring that energy into my personal sex life.

"As you might have guessed, I like it a little rough in the bedroom. Hold my head down with your foot while you're doing me from behind. Pull my arms behind my back when you're fucking me. Hair-pulling, covering my mouth while you're pounding me so hard that I want to scream—I'm totally down for that kind of stuff.

"I like large cocks as much as the next girl, but they're not necessary—big or small, I like them all! The most important qualities in a guy for me are kindness and consideration for others. I'll take a big heart over a big dick any day."

# PRISCILLA

## WET ALL OVER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Warm water dances off **Priscilla**'s hard body. It isn't a nude beach, but the liberated nymph makes it one. "I know why you're staring," the proud exhibitionist tells an embarrassed onlooker. "It's not that you haven't seen a pussy before; you just haven't seen one as nice as mine."

With the sands of Cabo washed off her athletic form, **Priscilla** retreats to her porch to make a more personal splash. “Some women buy dildos because they can’t stand men,” she smiles. “I just like to fuck. It’s a 24-hour cock, and a pussy this hungry needs one.”

## PRISCILLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Riverside, California**

AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-8**

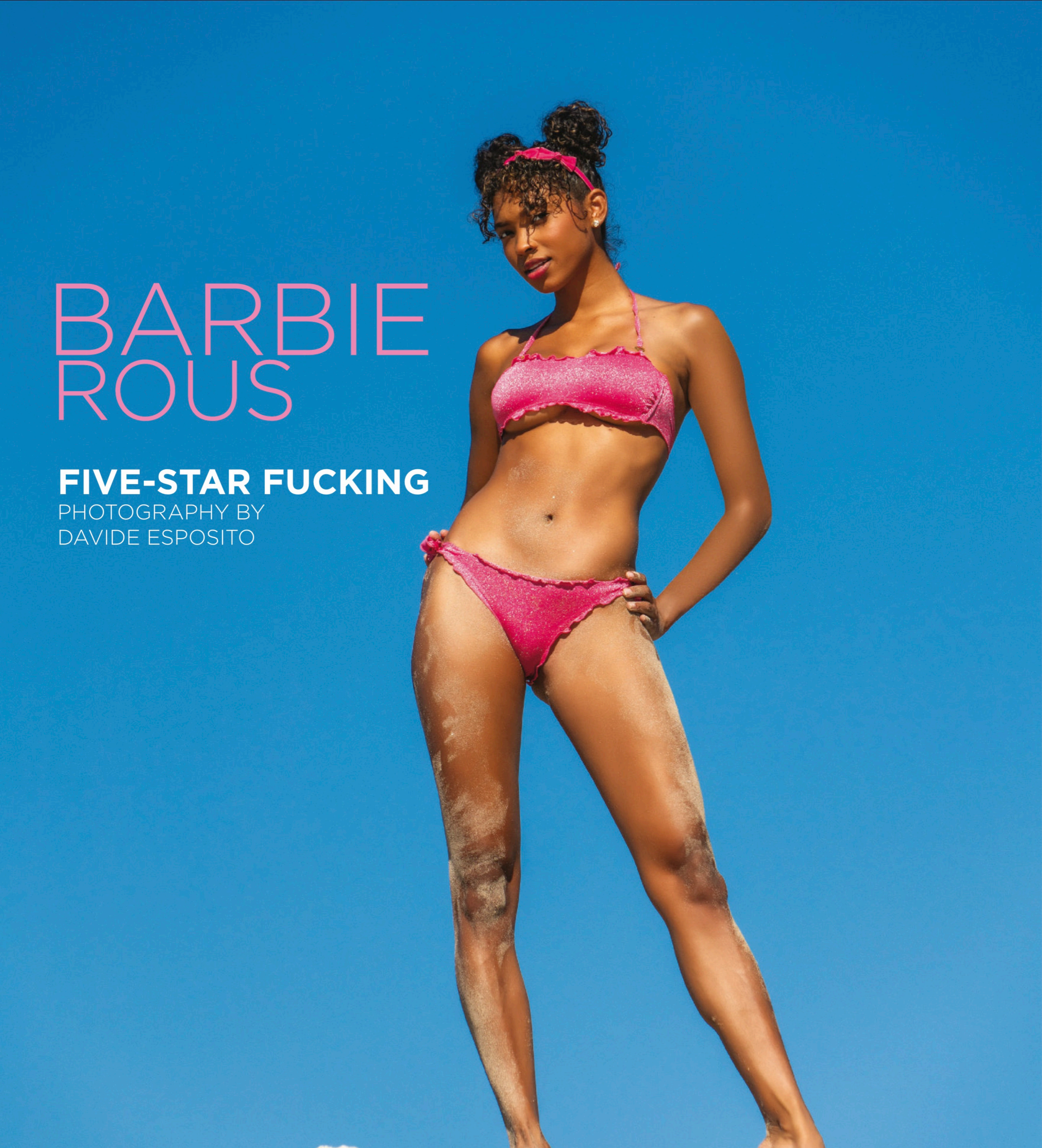
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-22-33**

FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**

# BARBIE ROUS

## FIVE-STAR FUCKING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO



One of my favorite things about performing is that I get to play so many different characters. So far I've portrayed a scientist, a prison guard and a cowgirl—and yes, I do actually know how to ride a horse, but in this instance I was mounting a big, fat cock!

"Which brings me to another thing I love about being in the adult industry: all of the incredible sex! I've been lucky to be paired up with some amazing scenemates and enjoyed loads of five-star fucking.

"Speaking of loads, my absolute favorite thing about working in XXX? Knowing that my awesome fans are getting off to my scenes. You guys are the best, and I wouldn't be where I am today without you. I look forward to pleasing you for a long, long time!"

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## JUNE 2025

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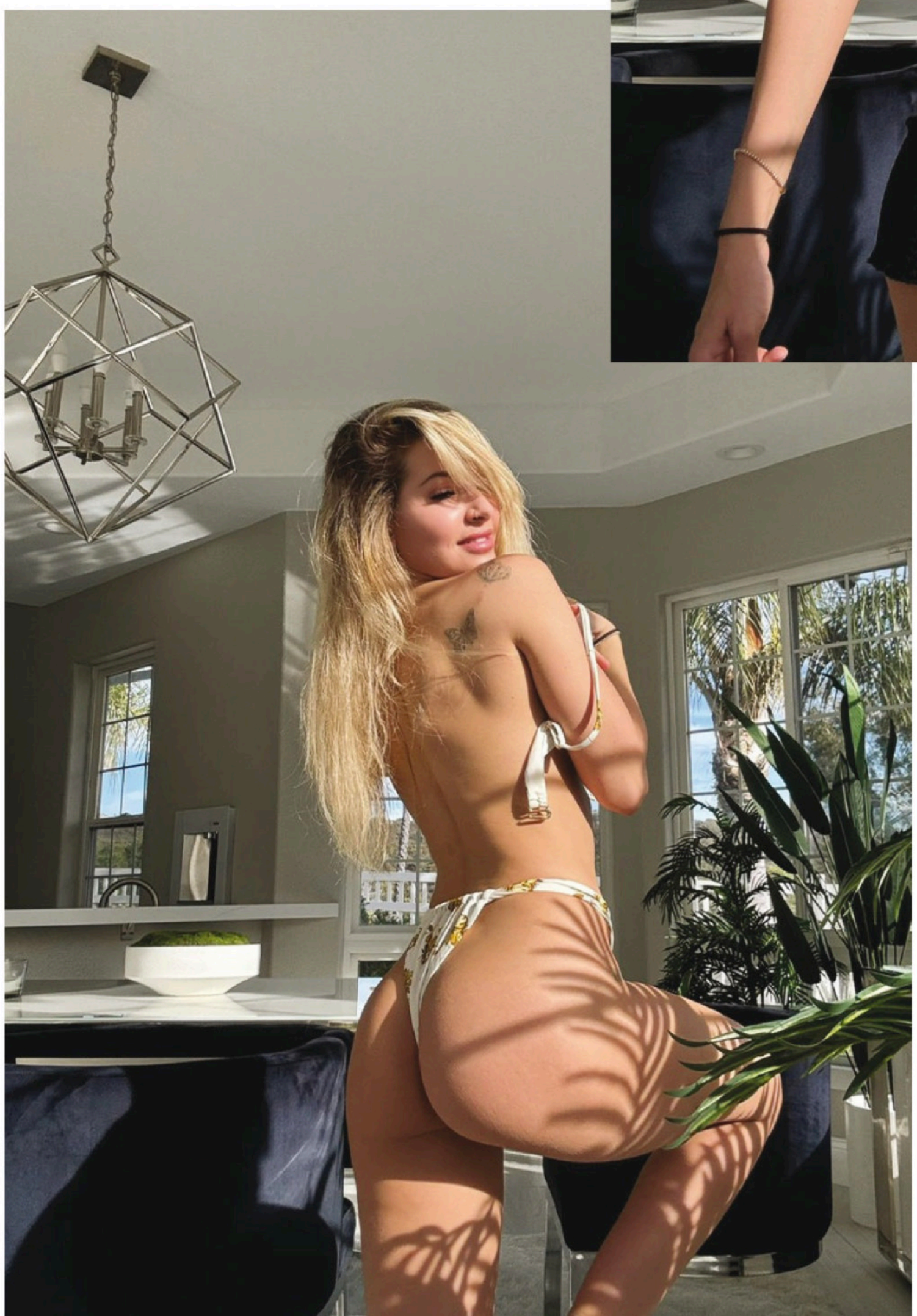
XO Barbie

## BARBIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Cali, Colombia** | AGE: **27**
HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**
INSTAGRAM: **@barbierous98**

# 50 QUESTIONS KIMMY GRANGER

CASEY CALVERT
PHOTO COURTESY CASEY CALVERT



BY MISSY MARTINEZ
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KIMMY GRANGER

**WELCOME TO "50 QUESTIONS," A DEEP DIVE INTO THE MINDS OF YOUR FAVORITE XXX PERFORMERS. FOR OUR FOURTH INSTALLMENT, HUSTLER FEATURES A SUPERSTAR WHO HAS BEEN KEEPING US HARD FOR ALMOST A DECADE. KIMMY GRANGER HAS GRANTED US PERMISSION TO ENTER THE GRANGER ZONE!**

**HUSTLER: Would you rather have one of your pockets *always* filled with gravy or always filled with bread crumbs and why?**
KIMMY GRANGER: Oh, this one's easy. Gravy. It's never gonna not be gravy. Do you know how many things I can dip in gravy? I can literally dip someone's dick in gravy and suck it clean off. Gravy over everything, bitch.

**2. You've just been given the ability to mimic any animal sound perfectly. Which are you choosing, and what would you do with that skill?**
Okay, so I'm not sure this is an animal sound, but I would love to be able to mimic the sound of an Aztec whistle, go into a Catholic cathedral and just let her fuckin' rip.

**3. What is your idea of the perfect first date that other people would think is weird?**
I wanna get drunk with my man and go fight people's ugly inflatable Christmas decorations in their yard and maybe steal a traffic cone, then go home and fuck.

**4. If you could have the same face as any celebrity for 24 hours, who are you choosing?**
Ariana Grande, because I'd milk the *fuck* out of OnlyFans and take my victory all the way to the bank!

**5. You're on your deathbed—after a long, amazing life, of course, and are in no pain. What would the last three words out of your mouth be to fuck with people?**
"Yes. Fucking finally!"

**6. If you had to choose, would you rather have two pussies or two assholes and why?**
I'd obviously choose two pussies. I'd use one for porn and birthing, then the other solely for my man. Two assholes sounds gross and annoying!

**7. If you could see any celebrity fully naked—with their enthusiastic consent, of course—who would it be and why?**
Ryan Gosling. I heard he has a fuckin' *hammer* on him. It's always the Scorpios!

**8. Speaking of nudity, I think it's a fair assumption to say that you're pretty fond of sex—and we are forever thankful for this. Are there are differences between Kimmy on-screen sex versus Kimmy off-screen sex?**
On-screen Kimmy is a feral animal who fucks hard, who wants to be dragged across the floor by her ponytail and treated like a dirty little whore. Like, strap a dog collar on that bitch and make her drink your nut out of a bowl on the floor. Off-screen Kimmy wants to be love-fucked and cuddle-fucked, caressed and held. They are two completely different people, trust me, lol.

**9. There is a new prescription drug on the market called Kimmy. What does this pill do for people who take it, and what would the side effects be?**
[It] immediately makes your pussy tight and wet. For men, it gives you a rock-hard boner. Gives you lots of energy and makes you incredible in bed. Side effects include debilitating anxiety, depression and suicidal ideations, panic, feelings of absolute dread, nausea, mommy/daddy issues and falling in love with the first person who gives you attention.

**10. You just became the ruler of a country. Congratulations! What image would be on your currency, and what denomination would each bill be?**
See photo below, which will be on the $100, because it's valuable yet still obtainable. But you'd have to work for it to get it. >>

**11. You've been thrown into a situation straight out of a horror movie. How would you survive and outsmart the killer?**
I'd let him kill me! No survivalist methods from me, I can promise you that. He'd be like, "Well, all right, that was easy." Hahahaha!

**12. Since we're on the topic of horror—you're not the biggest fan of things that creep, crawl, slither and scurry. Have you ever had a real-life nightmare encounter with some not-so-cuddly critters?**
Ha! Yes. I have two videos on my Instagram for reference if anyone is ever curious of how I handle myself in a situation like that.

**13. On to something much more cuddly: your dogs! Can you give us a brief rundown on your fur babies?**
Let me just start off by saying, I love my dogs. I do. I love them very, very much, so everything I say about them from this point forward is merely my own personal opinion on being a dog mom, because I'm really not fuckin' cut out for this shit, and It's not a reflection of how I genuinely feel about my babies. It's just my own personal feelings toward the experience. But *these little fuckers* push me past my goddamn limit every day. They do parkour off the furniture; they abruptly bark at absolutely nothing in the peaceful silence of the night, giving me a jump scare that could resuscitate a dead elephant; they require constant attention; and they give me zero privacy when I'm trying to masturbate or take a shit in peace. This owning-dogs situation isn't easy, but at the end of the day, I'm grateful I have them, because they make me feel not so alone. They love me endlessly, and that's more than I can say about any human being I've ever met. I love them, and I'd throw myself in front of a moving train for them…no questions asked.

**14. If you had to choose, which eternal damnation nightmare scenario would you pick: being stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic forever *or* having to walk at a snail's pace behind a group of people you can't pass?**
Fuck you. This is hell. Goddammit! Okay, um...I guess bumper to bumper? Because I can at least lie down and listen to music and shit. Walking behind a bunch of stupid assholes at a snail's pace, behind people I can't pass, would send me into a psychosis to be studied for centuries ahead.

**15. You've just been nominated to run for President—hooray! What would your campaign slogan be?**
"Fuck bitches, get money."

**16. You're a big fan of comedy. What elements of a joke are guaranteed to get you to double over laughing?**
Anyone who knows me knows that I fucking *love* a good roast. Another thing guaranteed to hit my funny bone is a prank. Fucking with me or other people is a love language I can't quite put into words. Also—as disgusting as they are—I *love* farts. Farts are my kryptonite. I could be in the most serious situation, like a funeral, where everyone is crying and screaming, and if someone busted ass in the middle of it, I'd come un-fucking-glued!

**17. When was the last time you threw up that didn't involve being sick, and what was it that made you hurl chunks?**
*Ugh.* Fuck. I think it was like four months ago, when I got drunk and started to spin out in the shower. I was brushing my teeth. Then, when I got to my tongue, it was game over. I was on all fours blasting the tile floor like a power washer, crying and begging God to take me right then and there. Naked, wet, vulnerable, fully accepting of my fate.

**18. Now for a subject close to your heart: What goes into making the *perfect* burrito?**
*Ohhhh, bitcccchhh!!* Give me a juicy ass Cali burrito, *loaded* with cheese and sour cream, with *no* pico, *extra* french fries and *drowned* in green salsa. You'll have my heart forever. I'll never forget you.

**19. Which Disney princess's ass do you think you could kick?**
Oh, that's easy. Ariel. I'd fuck that little sea bitch up. Slap her on a cold stone plate and serve her over some wasabi with a ponzu drizzle. She'd be like "*Ahhhh*, please, *noooo*," and I'd be like, "*Kanpai*, bitch."

**20. Okay, let's flip it: Which Disney princess do you think could whoop your ass?**
Oh, Mulan would for sure. That bitch has a whole Chinese army backing her up. *Plus* Mushu? Hell, no, I'd be dead. She would present my head to the emperor as an ancestral offering, lol.

**21. If K.I.M.M.Y. is an acronym, what do each of the letters stand for?**
Ketamine In My Mom's Yard.

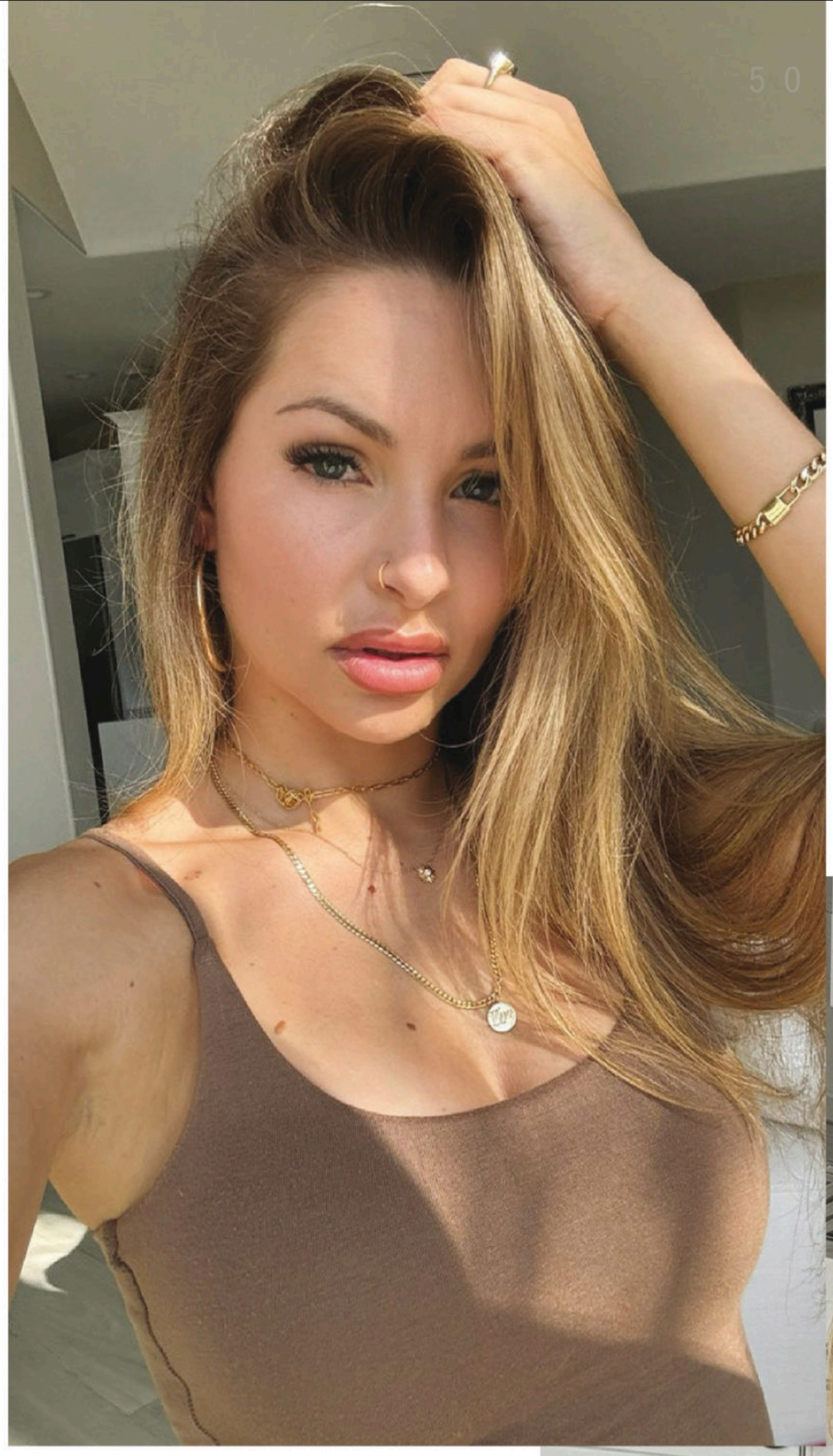
**22. You have been brave and strong enough to talk about a huge flaw: You *chokes back tears* *fart?!* Please use this opportunity to apologize to the readers and fans.**
I'm so sorry, everyone. I really do be eating my own Dutch oven for breakfast in the morning. I'm not fuckin' proud of it.

**23. Tell us something about you that no one in a million years would believe to be true?**
Unless I'm in a relationship, I stay celibate outside of porn. I could go the rest of my life without sex if it meant holding integrity for my values and what I look for in an intimate partner. Porn isn't real sex for me. It's a circus act. It's a performance, so I don't ever count it.

**24. What is a scent that people universally love that you absolutely cannot stand?**
Any song by Taylor Swift. *Yes*, I read the question correctly. Fuck that clumsy, uncoordinated, overrated, goofy-ass bitch!

**25. Oh, my God, they just released a book of sex positions titled *The Kimmy Granger*. What is the first position in the book?**
I think, for conversation's sake, I'm just gonna say cowgirl, because I know that's what everyone is thinking!

**26. Tell us about the last time you were so embarrassed,** >>



**"ON-SCREEN KIMMY IS A FERAL ANIMAL WHO FUCKS HARD, WHO WANTS TO BE DRAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR BY HER PONYTAIL AND TREATED LIKE A DIRTY LITTLE WHORE."**

**“I LOVE PLAYING WITH A DUDE’S SOFT-ASS SCROTUM LIKE IT’S A STRESS TOY. ROLLING IT AROUND MY FINGERS AND SHIT.”**

RICKY GREENWOOD
``PHOTO BY MR. MANNY BUCKS

**you wanted to walk into the ocean and never stop walking.**
I don't get embarrassed. That's ghetto.

**27. How could someone get you to spill all of your secrets?**
Tickling me. I'm so fucking ticklish, it should honestly be a crime. And I don't mean like tickling the bottom of my feet like I'm a fuckin' toddler. I mean like pinning my ass down, restraining my arms and legs from moving, jamming your finger right into my rib cage or armpit and going to town. That shit right there will earn you a one-way ticket to a kick in the balls as soon as you unhand me, you beast.

**28. What mainstream Hollywood movie do you feel is the closest to being about your life?**
*Girl, Interrupted*. I feel like I deeply resonate with Susanna and Lisa at a visceral level to my core. My mom showed me that movie when I was in high school because she thought it would give me some perspective, but all it did was inspire me, if I can be completely honest.

**29. Give us your food-take that could possibly start riots in the streets.**
This sounds disgusting, but I'll absolutely fuckin' desecrate some salami with cream cheese, and I will die on this hill defending its honor.

**30. What's the deal with dick and balls?**
They're fucking amazing. Specifically balls. I love playing with a dude's soft-ass scrotum like it's a stress toy. Rolling it around my fingers and shit.

**31. Oh, no! You've just been arrested for something unbelievable. What crime did they get you for?**
Visiting North Korea and purposely laughing on Kim Jong-il's birthday.

**32. Would you rather shed your entire skin like a snake once a month or have to lay three eggs—standard chicken-size—once a week?**
Oh, come on—this one's easy. I'd be laying the fuck out of some eggs. I'd save money on groceries, *and* in the event of an apocalypse, I'd never go hungry. People would be trading me weapons and the promise of shelter and safety for my gift. I'd hold so much fuckin' power. People would bow to me.

**33. What song will always make you drop your panties?**
"Salted Wound" by Sia. That song is so sex. Such horny.

**34. We're going to get angry letters for this one: In your personal opinion and experience, is squirt pee?**
Yeah. Yeah, it fuckin' is. Listen, I have shot scenes with girls who are like, "OMG, I'm gonna squirt," and then it comes out mustard yellow, leaving the sheets smelling like a used diaper with her dehydrated ass. Miss me with all that shit.

**35. If you had to fuck a letter from the alphabet, which one are you choosing?**
X. Look at it. It's got two arms, two legs, and it's holding a proud power stance waiting for someone to fuck it. X and I would knock through some *rounds* together.

**36. What is the last compliment you received that made your entire damn day?**
A guy I liked texted me a while back and said, "You aren't attractive because of your body or the way you fuck—it's because your energy is medicinal, healing, but also intoxicating," and that's probably the cutest compliment anyone has ever given me, because it acknowledges me at a deeper level, beyond the superficial bullshit that I'm used to.

**37. What item from a pet store do you think would make a pretty decent sex toy?**
I think those rubber Kong sticks are a pretty obvious choice. Or maybe a gerbil so I can shove it up my ass like that one Eminem song.

**38. What mythical being do you think would be the best at eating ass?**
Oh, bitch, I *know* a centaur can put it down and leave no crumbs unattended. They're all angry and shit.

**39. Is there something you don't fully understand and at this point are too embarrassed to ask about?**
Math. Like, any type of math. I don't even know my multiplication tables. Like, if someone sat there and tried to explain fractions to me, I'd probably have a stroke.

**40. Congrats, you just got your own trashy reality show! What would it be about, and what would it be called?**
See…I have a bunch of amazing ideas for what I would do, but people are shady and would rip them off for their own selfish benefit. So I'd rather not [say]. Trust no one.

**41. What is the weirdest thing that has ever made you cry tears of joy?**
I don't think I've ever cried tears of joy, to be completely honest.

**42. You just started a new sport named Granger Ball that's taking the world by storm! What are the rules to the game?**
The goal is to eliminate each opponent one by one by playing hot potato with an activated hand grenade. Whoever dies first loses. The winners get to teabag and desecrate the losers' dismembered dead bodies.

**43. What bottled water would you defend till your dying breath as being far superior than the rest?**
Ah, probably Essentia, because I drink it a lot. But I read somewhere it causes breast cancer? I was like, damn, still tastes good though, idgaf [I don't give a fuck]! >>

**44. We all know what the sex position 69 is. What would 53 be?**
It would be where a large group of men throw 53 million dollars in cash all over my naked body and then leave me the fuck alone.

**45. Do you have nicknames for your awesome rockin' tits?**
Haha, they're not awesome or rockin'. If I could go back in time and stop myself from getting them, I would. So if I had to give them nicknames, it would be Mistake and Regret.

**46. Speaking of tits, if you could make your areolas any shape, what shape are you choosing?**
Perfect circles, untouched by sloppy, careless surgeons. That's what!

**47. What is the most outrageous thing a fan has done to get your attention?**
Stalked me to the point where I had to file a restraining order and buy guns. I took shooting lessons and even did gun drills in my home to practice because this motherfucker made me feel so unsafe.

**48. How much money would it take for you to eat a soup bowl full of toenails?**
I mean…I low-key used to bite my own toenails when I was little. So I'd probably do it for a full tank of gas and a hug if we're being real!

**49. Which Muppet deserves to be tortured?**
I honestly don't really know the Muppets well enough to make that kind of proclamation, so I don't know, lol.

**50. Tell us what we can look forward to next from you!**
More porn and more mental breakdowns. Love you! H

*Keep up with all things Kimmy Granger! X & OnlyFans: @Kimmygrangerxxx; Instagram: @strangerthangranger*

BRITT
BLAIR
SPANKS A LOT!
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

SCHOOL

I started stripping right after I turned 18, when I was still in high school—the same year I was chosen as prom queen! That caused quite a stir at my school, but I didn't care. I love getting naked for people, and I'm totally comfortable with it. That's probably because I was also a cheerleader, which is kind of the same thing—you get up in front of a crowd and work them with your moves and enthusiasm.

"When it comes to sex, I'm kind of all over the place, depending on my mood. Sometimes I like slow and sensual, and sometimes I'm all about getting my freak on. One thing that doesn't change? I always enjoy getting spanked—it feels so hot to get my buns warmed up. And when it comes time for you to pop, aim for the face. Trust me, I don't mind taking it on the chin. In fact, I love it!"

# FUCKING MY BF'S DAD

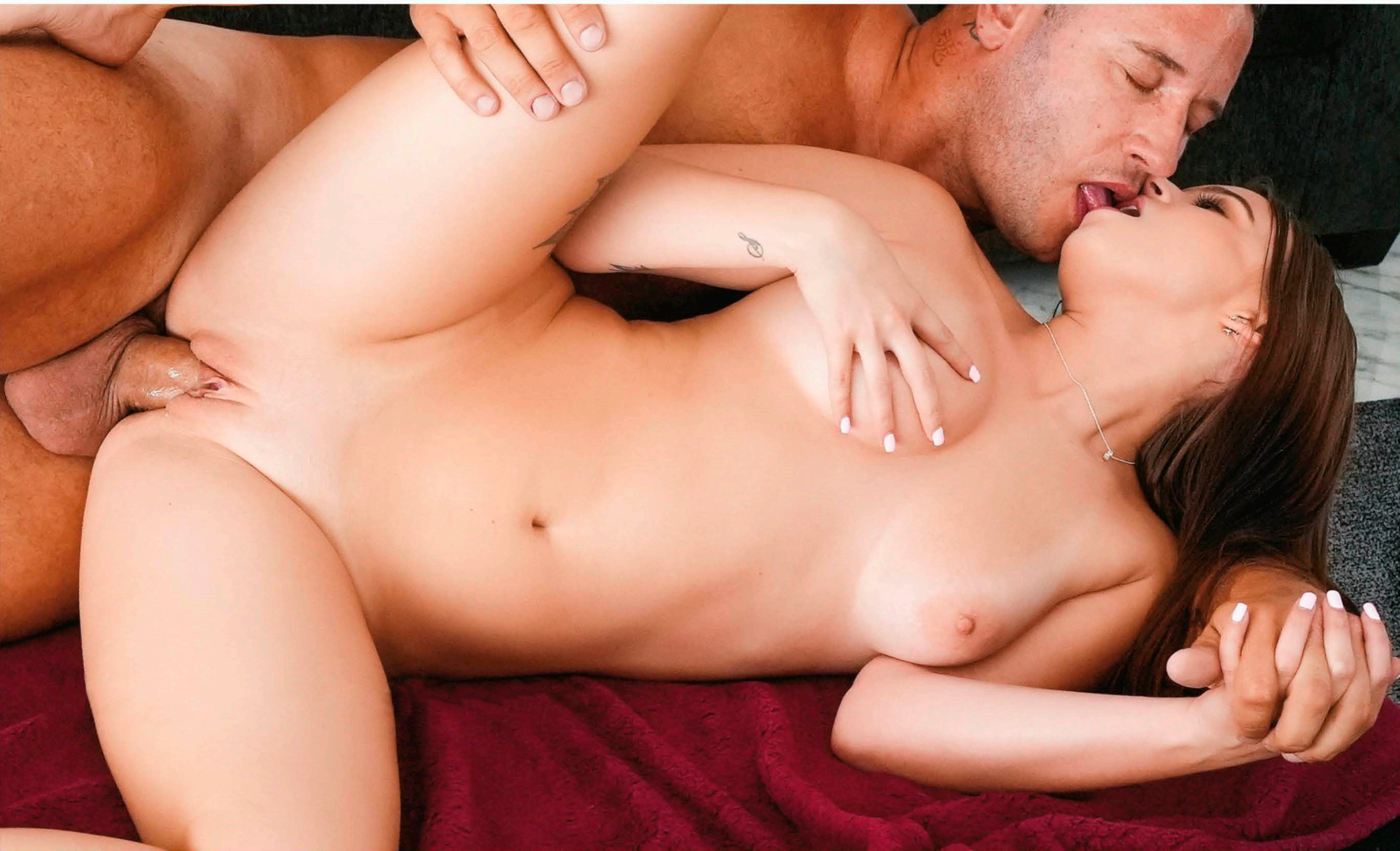
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

SOPHIA BURNS

Okay, here's the God's honest truth: We're only best friends because your dad is so goddamn hot! I figured if I hung out at your house long enough, I'd get my chance to see if he really has *everything* I've been dreaming of…jilling off to." *And he does! Ha!* Watch Sophia Burns, Jade Valentine, Sky Wonderland and Angel Windell screw over their friends in *Fucking My BF's Dad* on **HustlerUnlimited.com** today!

JADE VALENTINE

SKY WONDERLAND



ANGEL WINDELL

# LORILEE

## ...A FEEL FOR IT

HUSTLER CLASSIC
DECEMBER 1976

I'm scared to death of the ocean," **Lorilee** told us, but she thought this was "one of the most beautiful spots she had ever seen."

Since she claims she's really into touching, it's no surprise to us that the feel of the water and sand enticed this bosomy 19-year-old to overcome her fear. For her, touching isn't just sex but a way of communicating. "Anyone who's afraid to touch or fondle is inhibited," **Lorilee** said, and it appears that she's not holding back in her contact with the sea and its surroundings.

However, life isn't all frolics and fondling for this Monrovia, California, model. **Lorilee** is studying to be a medical assistant. "I'm crazy about anatomy." That goes double for us.

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

# BEAVER HUNT®

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

## SOPHIA SWEET

"I love my body, and showing it off has always been a turn-on for me," proclaims Sophia Sweet, 25, from Charlotte, North Carolina. "I'm a bubbly, energetic, world-class sweetheart with a very dirty mind." The 5-foot-6 cutie goes on to mention, "My favorite hobbies are reading, hiking and sex! Yes, that's a hobby too! I'm an innocent-looking girl with a sex addiction. I'm always in the mood to get laid, but during dry spells I dig masturbating with a vibrator on my clit and a dildo in my ass." Sophia is just warming up. "I'm bisexual. and I really love to please," she adds. "One of my favorite sexual activities is being dominated. Push me to the edge of my abilities. My favorite positions are being held against a wall or bent over something, and I love having a dick shoved as deep as it'll go into my pussy. That's why I added porn starlet to my bucket list a while back. It was fun being a bratty slut in some hardcore videos."

*—Photos by Omnia Productions*

**"My bucket list includes being a drop-dead gorgeous guy's sex slave for a full 24 hours."**

# Birthday Delights

For a dazzling array of eye candy, we've rounded up a handful of Beavers celebrating birthdays in June. Brody Jean—a pediatric nurse, mom and online model from Boerne, Texas—declared, "I am wild and crazy, but also a sweetheart and nurturer. How wild and crazy am I? One day, while driving down a highway at 70 miles per hour in a hotrod, I climbed on top of my man and fucked him." Bella Baby from Prague, Czechia, confessed, "When I'm home, I hate wearing clothes. The guys across the alley don't mind that I rarely close the drapes at night." Gabriella Daniels—a college student from Kharkiv, Ukraine—told us, "I love being naked where people can get a good look." Elaina Gilbert out of Portland, Oregon, disclosed, "My sexuality is best described as adventurous. I'm very perceptive and passionate in the bedroom. I cater to those with fetishes, and I enjoy being submissive with the right gentleman." Olivia Nice—a housekeeper from Szolnok, Hungary—said, "I want American men and women to lust for me. My nice hobbies are traveling, bicycling and playing the violin. My naughty hobby is meeting and seducing interesting girls and guys at clubs—and having hot sex when we click." Happy birthday, ladies.

KIRY

BELLA BABY

BRODY JEAN

ELAINE GILBERT

GABRIELLA DANIELS

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"I like the penis, but girls know how to make my *hüvely* tingle. You now know the Hungarian word for vagina."

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OLIVIA NICE

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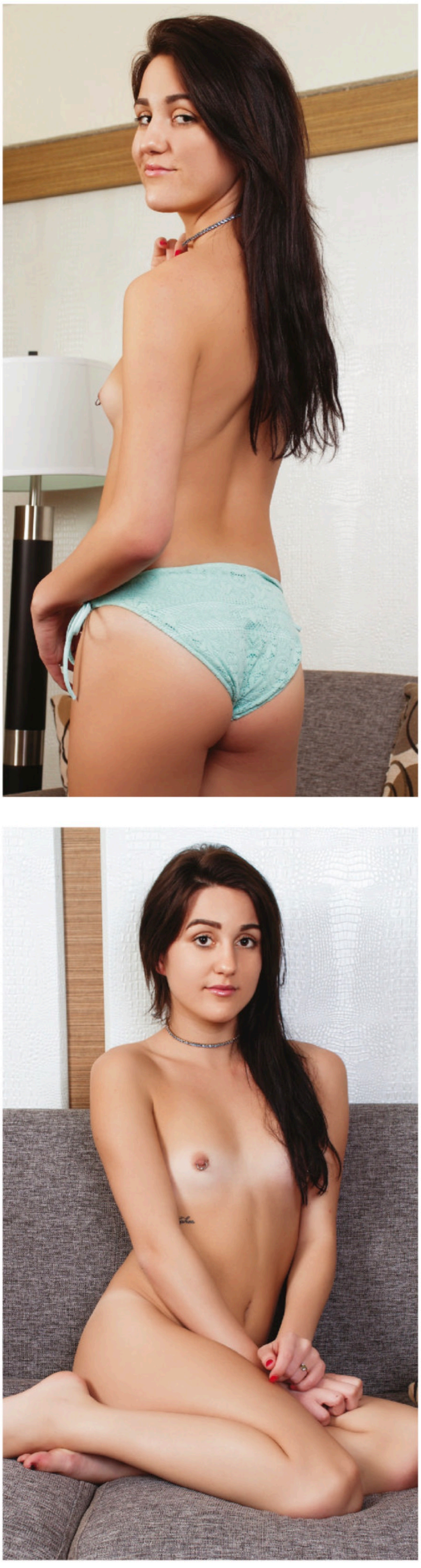

# CINI ROSE

"I'll try anything once—or twice," claims Cini Rose, 26, from Tampa, Florida. Admittedly "adventurous and outgoing," the 5-foot-2 Sunshine Stater decided to live up to that mindset by modeling nude. "I think I'll make nice eye candy for all your readers," Cini avows. "I never fear the consequences when I'm in my birthday suit." Although her hometown has NFL and NHL teams to root for, her favorite sport is skateboarding. "Skating is a great adrenaline rush," she says. Cini, a fan of crime dramas and the band System of a Down, is down for another adrenaline booster. "I love riding a big, hard dick," she explains. "I also love giving head to guys and girls. I get off on watching them squirm like jellyfish!"

*—Photos by Tampa Steve*

"One of my fantasies is being tied up, blindfolded and tongued till I squirm like crazy. Another is hosting an all-girls orgy with body paint."

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# COMING SOON

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ELLY CLUTCH